THE MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH AND VOL TAIRE. By Dr. George Horn. Translated from the German by Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein. 8vo. pp. 184. Scribner & Welford.

This volume contains a collection of letters written by Voltaire to the Margravine of Baireuth | misfortune which deprives him of Frederic's favor and the Margravine's answers to them. The letters and bounty, does not appear dignified, nor do were found accidentally not long ago. They had his grimaces and gesticulations and genuflexions been sold with the possessions of the Margravine appeal to our sympathy. Nor, to speak frankly, and were supposed to have perished. Princess Christian, having translated the memoirs of the Margravine, naturally puts forward these supple-The

mentary documents in an English dress. text which forms the commentary and connecting links is that of Dr. George Horn, a German savant and polish, but nowhere is there a trace of candor, who does not write very interestingly and has a nowhere does the man Voltaire address himself minimum of imagination. To the present generation, and especially to the American reader, the approach to that converse between souls which letters of Voltaire to the sister of Frederic the alone can give life and substance and value to any Great will be interesting because of the light they correspondence. throw upon one of the most artificial schemes of life devised by men. Voltaire was a great man Voltaire on one side, Wilhelmine on the other, stand by right of intellectual predominance. He stood posturing, bowing, and smirking in what is no far above and king of his time. He was not doubt the highest style of deportment, but they only a great thinker and writer, but he was a are intensely artificial, hopelessly unnatural, great man of affairs. He possessed that gift of flagrantly masquerading. This applies to all Volbusiness which makes millionaires. He had no taire's letters. Of the Margravine it must be said difficulty in amassing riches. He was a bold spect that when her brother's fortunes are sunk to ulator and a successful one. Had he lived later the lowest ebb, when his foes are gathering round be would have made a colossal fortune on the to give him the coup de grace, when he appears Bourse. In his own time he invested shrewdly to have reached the end of his career-and just and to good purpose. With the first literary reputation in Europe, and means to support a princely proved-this devoted sister drops all her courtstate, he might have been content, but he was devoured by ambition, and ambition which, at bitter griefs with complete unrestraint, and gives

tion. A more cynically unprincipled ruler never could the powerful stimulus of deep emotion have He believed in the venality of everybody, and he acted upon the abominable maxim that to attain his ends ali perfidy, all mendacity, all violence, was legitimate. No king ever lied more cold-bloodedly, systematically, and audaciously. No diplomacy was more crooked and treacherous than his. No sovereign made more unjust and artificial style had become a second nature with wanton wars. No head of a State ever exhibited more indifference to the sufferings of his tion, his automatic "sugared sweetnesses," really brought chastisement upon him; when his notorious perfidy had incited his neighbors against him; when, after outrageously harrying peaceful territories and seizing the possessions of others right and left, he encountered some crushing defeat, as at Hochkirch, pitifully signed himself "Formerly Brother Volthe lamentations uttered by this crowned highwayman might have been thought to proceed from the most innocent and the most unjustly persecuted of men-a man who only wanted to be let alone, and whose turbulent neighbors were continually bullying him. In truth, he brought upon himself all his troubles, and it is a pity that his personal sufferings were not greater. They might have brought him a realizing sense of what his subjects endured because of his insatiable and lawless ambition.

In peace Frederic indulged tastes which deserve to be called foolish. He really had very little literary talent or judgment, but he aspired to be thought a poet and a philosopher, and his vanity drove him into the advances to Voltaire which resulted so disastrously for both. Voltaire on his him, and the next he extols his victories with about the tenements is as much a puzzle at the part was not less absurd. Being what he was, there were no appointments or dignities at the least of all does it resemble passionate love. Court of Berlin which could ennoble him. But he truth is that Voltaire's vanity was flattered by the comrade and confidential friend of a king, and was simple enough to believe that Frederic would submit to be guided by him in affairs of state. The young King of Prussia never entertained such a thought. He was willing to admit Voltaire's aphorisms. Wilhelmine was a far more ingenuous things is to be created and maintained is not so pre-eminence in literary matters, and in a makebelieve fashion to avow him master, but, after all, even this condescension was little more than genteel comedy, and it is extremely doubtful whether at any time it represented a tangible element of sincerity on either side. Frederic ema rapacious old man as well as a vain one, eagerly himself inordinately upon his order and his gold chamberlain's key. The King wrote execrable French verses, which the poet corrected. The poet wrote charming verses, though their wit and subtlety have long since evaporated, and, sooth to say, they strike the modern reader as insipid.

Voltaire was full of jealousies. The high standing of Maupertuis (really a great man, and abominably libelled, not only by Voltaire, but by Carlyle) irritated him, and he could not long restrain is envenomed pen. Berlin indeed was fertile in misadventures for him. The transactions which brought his quarrel with the Jew Hirsch into public notice were, observes Dr. Horn, only such as in these days would have been considered a bold stroke of finance. Quite so, up to a certain point; but are there any modern Napoleons of finance who would be justified by public opinion in doing what Voltaire did about the bills of exchange It is surely hardly correct to say that a man who issues bills of exchange to his own agent, and then takes measures to have them dishonored, is doing what would only be thought good business nowadays. But Voltaire did worse than this. It is difficult to get at the exact facts, for the courts were not impartial when the King's favorite was concerned; but it certainly looks as though the philosopher had tried to swindle Hirsch out of his diamonds. Frederic professed to be shocked at awful torments that could be devised-torments all this; Frederic, who habitually scoffed at honor in affairs of state, and held no tool too dirty to be used, no method too infamous to be adopted. The morality of this precious pair was the morality of Peachum and Lockit; but the king of Prussia possessed power, and of course his unscrupulousness was palliated. In the whole of the relations between these men indeed there is something grotesque, and the final rupture is not the least bizarre feature of the unstable alliance.

Voltaire was always a dangerous guest, for no ody could tell where his satirical spirit might parry him, and as he had no more morals than his host of Potsdam and Sans Souci, he never hesitated to ridicule, lampoon and libel Frederic when his temper was black, as was quite frequently the case. Frederic, who yearned to pose as a protector of letters and art, was also thin-skinned, and when he gave way to spleen his actions sometimes were of a kind to recall the unsavory memory of his father. By the way, Dr. Horn in this volume expresses surprise and regret that Frederic and the Margravine of Baircuth should have spoken and written of that father disrespectfully. But is there truly anything astonishing in this, or unnatural, or wrong? Dr. Horn says that in after life the Margravine " heartily repented her want of filial respect." We cannot believe this. Filial respect was impossible where Frederic William was concerned. If his abused and outraged did very well, for a worse father surely is not to be found in history. He came within an acc of murdering his son. If left to himself the ferocious old brute would undoubtedly have taken the lad's head. He did actually sacrifice the life happiness of the Margravine, whose consent to the marriage urged on her was due to her strong affection for her brother in the main, and next by the consideration that it would at least release her from the tortures inflicted on her daily by her father and mother. Probably she would have preferred death to any change offered her; but lacking that, she accepted marriage. She could not respect such a parent, neither could she love him. He was a furious tyrant, probably insane long before his death, and he made the lives of all his family utterly miserable by his cruelties and his constant outrages.

Perhaps Frederic was not wholly responsible for the arrest and detention of Voltaire at Frankfort when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when the put his hand to his bosom to tear them of any them crawd when he put his hand to his bosom to tear them of many them crawd when he put his hand to his bosom to tear them of many them crawd when he put his hand to his bosom to tear them of many them crawd when he put his hand to his bosom to tear them of many that the gotter and the poet was trying to get away but them crawd when he put his hand to his bosom to tear them of many that the gotter and the protection of the force is to did not respect to the protection of the force is to did not respect to the protection of the force is to did not respect to the protection of the force is to did not respect to the protection son and daughter stopped short of hating him, they

Perhaps Frederic was not wholly responsible for the arrest and detention of Voltaire at Frankfort when the poet was trying to get away, but he was assuredly responsible for the order to strip Voltaire of all the gifts and marks of honor he had received at Berlin, and that was a piece of rereceived at Berlin, and that was a piece of retaliation unworthy a sovereign. In fact, there I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em; I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em; I would be King, my cousin."

the quarrel between these men; and Voltaire's quent behavior, first exclaiming bitterly, ther seeking revenge by caustic verses, and finally lamenting the hardness of Frederic, is not creditable on the score of manliness. We find him here, writing in roundabout fashion to the Margravine, begging her to intercede for him at Berlin. It is not a pleasant spectacle. The Sage of Ferney grovelling before all this tinsel of royalty and bewailing with lavish wordiness the is his sincerity conspicuously in evidence in any of these letters. They are full of high-flown phrases and graceful homage and professions of desolation and despair, and the rest of the flum-mery which in those days passed for espirit to the woman Wilhelmine, nowhere is there any

The letters are frivolous with few exceptions. before one of his most signal successes, as it artifices and stiffness, pours forth the story of her this distance, appears singularly poor and ignoble. us a glimpse of capacities which would surely Frederic King of Prussia was a strange combina- have made her felt more sensibly in her time, could write been applied steadily. She frankly and well when the occasion was too serious to waste time in turning pretty phrases. But as to Voltaire, he is never caught with the mask off. Perhaps there was no mask in his case. Perhaps the him. One wonders whether his mechanical adula-Yet, when some wicked aggression had deceived his royal correspondents. Assuredly they did not always deceive Frederic, who, having once found out how unpleasantly like his own traits were several of Voltaire's, sternly and unflinchingly refused to renew the old relations, and held at arm's length the poor suppliant who so taire."

Dr. Horn does not seem to have made up his mind as to the character of the poet's feelings to his men. The address may be found fault with toward the King, for he employs expressions regarding the subject which cannot be reconciled. it puts sound and practical business philosophy In one place he says: "Voltaire was truly devoted to the Margravine, but equally so to the King. He loved him with the passion a poet displays for lead one to expect. In fact, it looks as though his hero," etc. Elsewhere he observes that "Vol- the interest of the plot had rather obscured the taire was unable to separate the interests and feelings of his own person in judging of things; he was never consistent, except in his negation of all that was positive. On the one hand he spread ma- living and well-known people, merely employing licious reports about Frederic, whilst on the other he flattered him. One day he speaks of barbarians." It cannot be said that the problem having invented a new weapon of war against discussed is greatly illuminated. What to do pride." This does not look much like love, and end as at the beginning, the fact that pulling was childishly delighted with the idea of being his intimacy with Frederic, but the cynical old philosopher cared little enough for the King. His is indeed insisted upon that the only way to raise real feeling showed itself most frankly when he the tenement population is to make them want was spreading malicious reports about his hero, better conditions, and no doubt there is sound or making fun of the royal verses and the royal creature than either her brother or his correspondent. She possessed a noble nature, which was much warped and stunted by the morbid conditions of her life, and by the misery which had encompassed her youth like an atmosphere. With a good husband she might have outgrown all ployed Voltaire to amuse him. Voltaire, who was these adverse influences, but the Margrave proved unfaithful to her, and her suffering was enhanced grasped the material gifts of the King, and plumed by the fact that her successful rival was one of her own ladies. She indeed loved her brother sincerely and de-

votedly, and he returned her affection, as Dr. Horn in that direction was never vigorous. Withelmine died on the disastrous day of Hochkirch. She was unaware of Frederic's rout, but possibly some occult sympathy depressed her already low vital forces beyond recovery. The King learned his great loss while he was yet dazed with his defeat. We have the testimony of eye-witnesses to the genuineness of his grief and the force of his emotion; and yet there is something hollow and theatrical about the scene. He is represented as declaiming some verses from "Iphigenia" when the sad intelligence was brought him. Surely deep grief does not often find expression in such melodramatic ways. It must not be forgotten that the age was one of much sentiment, and that if this sentiment had not been generally so artificial, the grim realities of the French Revolution might have been averted. But the character of the times was illustrated in the fate of Daminens-the particulars of whose offence are not quite accurately stated by Dr. Horn. That so-called regicide really just scratched the august cuticle of Louis the Fifteenth, and he was condemned to the most which kept him alive in agony a whole day, and which were witnessed and gloated over by thousands of the people whose sensitive souls bachelor, who presently offers himself to her. gushed in verse over every triviality. It was an age when princesses and great ladies contended for the privilege of reading "La Pucelle" in manuscript; when perhaps the basest prostitution of genius known to literature was accounted a great achievement; when a Pompadour was the arbiter of French destiny.

In closing his editorial labors Dr. Horn observes: "If these pages should have been able to show the better and nobler side of Voltaire's character, and by so doing soften the severe criticism it generally meets with, then our object has been attained." To us it appears that the letters here published contribute nothing toward the formation of such an opinion. On the contrary, they exhibit Voltaire at his worst instead of at his best. If we wish to study " the better and nobler side" of his character, we must turn to the records of the Calas case and to the evidences of his gallant persistence on behalf of the oppressed. But we shall seek such proofs vainly in this correspondence, which only reveals the height and depth of his vanity, and the cynical disregard of truth and candor which made him delight in the sycophancy of

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Mr. Haggard's last story is a tale of simple adventure; a fresh leaf from the note-book of Allan Quatermain, who is supposed to relate it after dinner to his old comrades. The scene is wholly laid in Africa, and the action is confined to hunting large game and fighting savages. The hunting anecdotes which lead the way to Maiwa's revenge are capitally told, and the adventure of the three elephants is especially graphic. Maiwa is a native chief's daughter, and her revenge is taken upon her cruel husband, who has murdered her child. The whole episode of the joint attack upon Wambe is spirited and interesting. It is more a novelette than a novel, having hardly any plot and little development of character. The illustrations are generally good, but in the frontispiece the author's text has been completely misconceived by the artist.

"Uncle Tom's Tenement" is a novel with a purpose, the latter being the illustration of the social mischief growing out of tenement life. The book is well conceived and well written. One of the best things in it is the speech of an employer on account of its length, but it is not dull, and in a taking way. The tenement-house life is less fully exhibited than the author's preface would torious character study in the story, and in more than one instance the author has made free with enough disguise to conceal the fact from "outside The down the bad ones and putting decent buildings in their place will not remove existing abuses being perhaps the most strongly emphasized. It sense in this. But how the longing for better clearly shown, and that after all is the main point. Such a book, however, is calculated to excite reflection on the subject, and may therefore stimulate invention and promote reform.

There is a weird tone about all Mr. Baring-Gould's novels, and a curious admixture of realism and romance of the most old-fashioned kind. "Eve" is no exception to the rule. It contains much careful observation of nature and of provincial English custom. Mr. Baring-Gould's forte is not character drawing. He seldom attains any subtlety in this direction. He has, however, disserve well as foils to one another. The wild Martin and his still wilder boy-brother are unnatural, the boy being almost unearthly; a kind of male There is a brusqueness in the dialogue generally which imparts an uncivilized flavor to much of the story, and the action is full of melodramatic touches. The singular mingling of styles and methods produces an odd effect, but also adds an attraction which secures the attention of the reader until the end-almost Hamlet-like in its sweeping and comprehensive tragedy-is reached.

Nothing could be less like Mr. Baring-Gould's book than that of Lucas Malet. In " A Counsel of Perfection" we have a cool, calm, leisurely study of three or four characters; hardly any plot or movement; no excitement whatever; but a satisfactory general effect. The interest centres in an entirely unconventional heroine. She is almost middle-aged, and is a clergyman's daughter, born and bred in the country and drilled to the monotonous functions of secretary and amanuensis to her father, a learned man, selfish and wholly absorbed in his ponderous authorship. Brought under new conditions by a trip to Switzerland, this unsophisticated, fresh-hearted and sensitive woman charms by her sweet simplicity a world-worn She is strongly moved, for she returns his affection, but if she leaves her father he will be unable to replace her, and so she sacrifices her future, accepts spinsterhood deliberately, and, what is more, finds content and even happiness in the way of life she has elected. The study is full of delicate art, and Lydia Costeen is a most attractive figure, and undoubtedly true to a type possessing a great many admirable characteristics.

M. Du Bois-Melly has in "The History of Nicolas Muss" founded a realistically clever sketch upon historical documents. He has aimed at reproducing the conditions of the period, has drawn freely upon contemporary records, and has produced an interesting relation of the Massacre of Bartholomew from the point of view of a Swiss soldier attached to one of the Huguenot chiefs who fell in that great slaughter. The account of the supposed narrator's narrow and hairbreadth escapes, the strange people he encountered while trying to make his way out of France, the ferocious hounding of the Paris fugitives, the impulse given by the massacre to the cruelty and blood-lust of all the blackguards and ruffians of the provinces-all is presented with a homely simplicity which is very effective, and which adds much to the verisimilitude of the story. The translation appears to be well done on the

The author of " A Brother to Dragons" and other make-believe old-time tales has gained much in naturalness by the transition from times and suroundings, concerning which she knew next to nothing to times and surroundings with which she is more or less familiar. This change has also the effect of exhibiting the range of her invention and its quality, without any disturbing conditions, and the result is what should have been expected; her story-telling power, that is to say, appears thin and feeble, and even her imi-tative faculty merely normal. "Virginia of Virginia" is the story of a young country girl of restricted education, impulsive disposition and a good deal of raw and awkward naivete, whbecomes enamored of a horsey Englishman. The horsey Englishman does not care for Virginia at all, though he is interested in her as a new kind of phenomenon. She is robust, rides like a Centaur in the fashion of the Hawaiian ladies, and is prone to indulgence in little tempers. When she finds that the Englishman is engaged to a girl who is not a fair barbarian, the obstreperous heroine has recourse to the orthodox and hackneyed refuge of a "decline" from which she all, though he is interested in her as a new kind

rouses herself in time to enact prodigies of valor in rescuing from a burning stable the favorite racchorse of the man she loves, and then dies in his arms. It is all crude and betrays not only the 'prentice hand, but a hand which gives little promise of improvement. "The Quick or the Dead" was both grotesque and in bad taste. " Vir-

ginia of Virginia" is dull. Mrs. Wister has made a capital translation of Schobert's fine novel. The heroine is a waif literally picked up in the streets by an eccentric Russian Prince, who is struck by the child's resemblance to a picture, the original of which he has been wishing to discover. He causes her to be educated, and when she has grown into a beautiful young woman, and the convent will keep her no longer, her benefactor is dreadfully perplexed by the responsibility forced upon him. A fortunate circumstance solves the difficulty and the young beauty, who by the way has green eyes, is elevated to high rank and position, and before long rendered independent by the death of her aged husband. One of the minor German Courts is smartly satirized in the course of the story, which is full of the petty intrigues, calumny and back-biting of such places. The characters are clearly, firmly and naturally drawn, and the tale is decidedly interesting and clever.

The "Star of India" is one of those novels in which the search for a mysterious jewel of fabulous value is complicated by the events of the great Indian Mutiny. There is material for a wilderness of romances in the solid facts of the latter, and hundreds of people encountered adventures then which if soberly related to-day would appear almost worthy to rank with the "Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan" as set down by the veracious Titmarsh. The "Star of India" is a spirited attempt to maintain fiction level with history, and in the course of it the reader will find sufficient sensations of every imaginable kind to banish slumber on the most oppressive summer afternoon. He may boggle at the great diamond itself, which certainly does seem too large to swallow, but that little difficulty overcome there is nothing to hinder acceptance of all the other marvels, for any of which the Mutiny is a sufficient excuse and guarantee.

The stories in Mr. Shorthouse's new volume are not of even merit. The first, "A Teacher of the Violin," is a somewhat dreamy and indistinct story of love and music. The wild passion of the young violinist for the princess, which portends tragedy, is exchanged in the end for a quiet marriage with one who could scarcely have been loved by her husband at such short notice. The second tale, "The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinthe de St. Palayc." is quite different and altogether picturesque, and in harmony with the period described. The Marquis is a fine example of the best of the old French noblesse, and his inbred chivalry and refined courtesy are strikingly exhibited throughout, and most characteristically in the powerful yet quiet scene of his death. The fastidiousness and the repose of style, and the latent mysticism which mark all this author's writings, are distinguishing features of these stories.

The "Wessex Tales" of Thomas Hardy are strongly individualistic, like all he writes, and they are full of a rare local knowledge, a famillarity with the parts of England he describes, which proves long, patient and loving study of both the country and the people. The tales are grave and gay, though there is a certain grimness about the merriest, which is "The Three Strangers" -- a dramatic and fantastic sketch. Others illustrate provincial superstitions and country life generally. The bovine slowness and stolidity of the English peasants, their obstinate conservatism, and their frankly brutal practicality, are brought out admirably, while the form employed gives to the narrative a sharpness and impressiveness sometimes wanting in Mr. Hardy's novels.

"Brueton's Bayou" is an excellent tale, the motive of which is apparently to instil into the haughty insularity of the New-York mind a realizing sense of the intellectual possibilities of the lameness of his horse at Brueton's Bayou, and there presently meets his fate in the form of a brilliant and beautiful girl of the region, has the nonsense taken out of him very thoroughly by his Southern experiences. It must be said that his behavior lady is practically forced upon him in a way which is not altogether creditable to his heart, however intended this typical Gothamite to cut a somewhat abject figure, and certainly he does not shine by comparison with any of the Brueton family, or with the chivalrous and self-sacrificing Major. 'Miss Defarge" is a strong study of a very resolute and self-centred young woman, who accomplishes many things by sheer force of will. But the most interesting and charming figure in it is that of Elizabeth Dysart, the blond beauty, a kind of modernized Dudu-" large and languishing and lazy"-but of a sweetness of temper and general loyableness not to be surpassed. In some respects she is more of a heroine than Miss Defarge, who, with all her fine qualities, is a little hard.

The story which gives the title to Miss Jewett's collection does not strike us as by any means the best in the book. "The Courting of Sister Wisby," "Law Lane," "Miss Peck's Promotion," 'Miss Tempy's Watchers," where only two perare each and all better in their several ways. They represent an insight to and understanding of life in New-England, and especially on the coast. which is productive of the most genuinely realistic effects. The local atmosphere is always reproduced with conscientious faithfulness, and the curious, half-sententious talk of the village people, the discussion of their narrow interests, the manifestation in them of common emotions modified by their peculiar training, is all set forth with wonderful minuteness, delicacy and certainty. One feels that Miss Jewett is sure of her ground; that she has travelled every foot of it; that her people have been under her microscope a long time, and are all fully analyzed and catalogued; and that above all they are real people, to read whose conversations is like perusing a particularly good piece of "interviewing." A capital example of this ride of M'ss Jewett's art is the little sketch "Miss Tempy's Watchers," when only two persons appear, and they elderly women who have undertaken to sit up during the night preceding Miss Tempy's funeral. They converse, and from their talk we obtain clear and sufficiently full views of their lives and their characters, and the process is perfectly simple and natural, and the interest, through these simple means, is maintained throughout. It is excellent literary work, and in its kind unsurpassed. that she has travelled every foot of it: that her and in its kind unsurpass

Mr. Richard M. Johnston leads his readers in quite another direction. His field of observation is Georgia, and he has surveyed it with conscientious industry, with humor, and with scientific completeness. These studies and sketches reveal unsuspected oddities of local character, and what may be called regional peculiarities, in many ways. They are full of a fascinating quaintness, a slow rural philosophy, and a generally wholesome ethical tone. The author uses dialect freely, without doubt, and it is not always easy to render this dialect into the English understanded of the people at large, but he does not rely upon dialect to give flavor to his characters. They are sharply differentiated, and their traits are indicated by their behavior and the matter, not the manner, of their speech. No doubt there was formerly more individuality than now in what were then practically isolated communities. The railroad has advanced material prosperity, but it has at the same time done much to level distinctions, and especially in the country. In the time illist ated by Mr. Johnston, moreover, there were fewer social differences and more general independence. All men felt free to speak their minds upon occasion, and as conversation was necessarily cultivated in small communities which were prac-tically bookless and paperless, people got the habit of talking fluently and often well. They devel-

THE DIKE.

JULY BURNS AND THE BUMONGE.

11. Ransome, July 24 .- As we left the shanty in the early dusk to go to Mr. Grant's, "up on the aidge of the dike," we each bore two cups of blane mange, arranged on respective plates. Orlando, however, was not thus burdened. He only had with him his ever he cantered on ahead with the utmost satisfaction.

I ought to have mentioned that when July Burns had brought the milk and the moss together with her order, and had given us directions for the concection, she had neglected to tell us the quantity of moss required for the given amount of milk. Our one great fear when we came to consult our judgment in the matter was that we should not use enough moss to sufficiently thicken the milk, and we kept putting in one spray after another as the milk was heating My friend remarked several times that we should never be forgiven if the stuff shouldn't "set" in the cups so as to turn out like jelly. "Whatever happens," she said, "this bumonge must jell."

I had to go up to Mar Baker's and borrow a the warm mixture with a teaspoon through the strainer in very small quantities at a time. In our anxiety a good many drops went on the floor in a very coagulated state, and were instantly gathered up by Orlando, who developed a strong liking for this kind of food. We were directly relieved of our fear lest this product should not jell, for before it was half pushed through the strainer it was nearly as stiff as ese, or rather like the white of a hard-boiled egg. and by the time it was in the cups was so solid it would require a knife and some muscular power to attack it. My fellow laborer thought there was too much moss, and I thought there was not enough milk; we were both of the opinion that it would be a capital diet with which to build up the tissues of the young man lying disabled at Mr. Grant's. The blane mange had a good look to it and it tasted well. and these two important requisites decided us to take it to Mr. Grant's, as we had been told.

The Grants lived in an old house, set so near th road that carriages must occasionally run over its flat front "door stone." It had not a tree near it. and from its south "end window" there must be an extensive and inspiring view of the dike. It was too extensive and inspiring view of the dike. It was too low for even its chambers to command a glimpse of the ocean. It was low in structure and low tened in every way; beloved of chimney swallows apparently, for, as we approached, several of those birds were flying in and out of the enormous mouth of the chimney. The cracked and blackened front door had a row of small window panes above it. The door Oriando. Perhaps the terrier had the same fear, for many fear, for the command of the couldn't. He had brought us letters, and we were afraid of a strange letter for fear it might be a reply to our advertisement concerning maid to be appeared the tail figure of Ozia. He was observed by the found to couldn't. He had brought us letters, and we were afraid of a strange letter for fear it might be a reply to our advertisement concerning when the couldn't is the same fear, for the couldn't is the properties of the couldn't is the same fear, for the couldn't is the couldn't in the couldn't is the couldn't in the couldn't is the couldn't in the couldn't in the couldn't is the couldn't in the couldn' chimney. The cracked and blackened front door had a row of small window panes above it. The door

As she shoved chairs toward us, Mrs. Grant said that July had told her that we were goin' to be so kind as to make some bumonge for that unlucky feller as had broke hisself about all to pieces. explained that we were asked to make the mange, but we had never made any before and didn't think we had been very successful. Mrs. Grant pulled her spectacles from her forehead down to her This was said in such a genial way that we both felt requested to make this article of food. The terrier was also encouraged to put his forepaws, which were quite muddy, up on Mrs. Grant's lap and to receive house before our arrival, and she had fed him several He seemed "awful thin and awful lonesome, and I tell you I pitied him. I'd have took him in. only our cat won't have a dog 'round. But he looks as if he had found some good friends now."

Here a door opened the other side of the house, near the door, and immediately began to meditate, only to be himself upon the stage, glancing at the dishes on the table near us, she re'd had good luck, but then a child could No one made any reply to this, and Mrs. Burns went on to say that her young man, that is what she called

I d' know whether my young man can eat it or not, or if he does eat it, I wouldn't wonder if it distressed Didn't have no luck, did ye?"

"If it were India rubber we wanted, we had the best of luck," said my friend, somewhat tartly.

"I didn't know 's anybody could help making bumonge right," said July. Here Mrs. Grant interposed by saying good humoredly that it made all the difference in the world whether a person was used to a thing or not. And then July said she'd come over to our shanty in a day or two and she'd show us, for likely 's not there'd be more needed. As for this mess, why, if her young man couldn't eat it, she could, as she loved them kind of victuals.

tossing, and some muttered and impatient words from the room where we decided that July's young man was lying. She heard also, and before she left us to go to him she said he was jest as fretful 's he could be, and she never yet worried till folks stopped bein' fretful. She told us further that he had said something about sendin' to Boston for one er them trained

go to the length of havin' a trained nuss under her roof. She was goin' to stop there. If July Burns, who had took care, fust 'n' last, of nigh everybody at the cut on the Brant, savin' summer visitors, couldn't do for him, why, then he needn't be done for under her roof, 'n' she was prepared to tell him so, if it come to that. Mr. Grant here spoke from the front entry, where

he had continued smoking. July Burns 'll git that feller up in a week or two." He looked full at us, took his pipe from his mouth and in a barely audible voice he continued, "Any feller that had the wit of a goose 'd git up off his sick bed plaguy quick, so's to git where he couldn't taken into the company. Early in the same season see nor hear that woman. Now, in my opinion, that's the kind of a nuss to hev."

His wife said "Daniel "but Daniel only went on smoking. We rose to terminate our call. We said constrainedly that if we could do anything we hoped they would ask us freely for our help. Mr. Grant went out a jew yards along the road with us. I thought he had come thus far that he might say something, but he stopped in the same objectless way in which he had started, went back, then told us over his shoulder that he guessed we should have a good hay day to morrow.

These words recalled the facts that Mr. Peake's mowing machine was broken, and Mr. Peake himself was drunk. These facts we had for a moment forgotten. It was bright starlight now. There was not a breath of wind, not a sound, even the ocean was noiseless. As we walked on two women on

SKIN, SCALP AND BLOOD Diseases Cured by Cutlcura Remedies when Hat Springs, Doctors and all other Medicines Pall.

Having been a sufferer for two years and a half from a Having been a superer for two years and a haif from a disease caused by a bruise on the leg, and having been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other methods and remedies failed. I deem it my duty to recommend them. I visited Hot Springs to no avail, and tried several doctors without success, and at last our principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel to the principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel to the principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel to the principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel to the principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel to the principal druggist). present sense of his own importance, and his unlimited capacity for protective barking; thus equipped he naturally feit that he was ready to go anywhere, and of any one in the State. The CUTICURA REMEDIES are the best blood and skin cures manufactured. I refer to Druggist John P. Finlay and Dr. D. C. Montgomery,

both of this place, and to Dr. Smith, of Lake Lee, Misa ALEXANDER BEACH, Greenville, M. Mr. Beach used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, at our request, with results as ab A. B. FINLAY & CO., Druggists

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chimney. The cracked and blackened front door had a row of small window panes above it. The door was swung open and in the entry sat Mr. Grant smoking his back to the passer-by, and his legs supported on one of the stairs, which began their ascent directly opposite the door and not many feet from it. Mr. Grant turned his head when he heard our footsteps, clinched his pipe tightly between his teeth and called out, "tyddy: Lyddy! Here's company;"

We immediately heard a limping sound from one of the back rooms and an extremely unkempt looking women came into the entry, nadded at us and said:

"Daniel, I'd know's anybo'y c'n git by you, settin's you be."

Mr. Grant now took bis pipe from his mouth, hitched his chair a little to one side and said:

"If they can't git by me, Lyddy, you know there ain't a woman in the world but what can git round me."

He chuckled and we smiled as we pushed into the kitchen, where the woman beckoned us, bearing our plates as circumspectly as we could.

As she shoved chairs toward us, Mrs. Grant said that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did that the Lord hadi't seen fit to give Zias as many brains as some had, but he did the fit had the giv

CHANCE HITS OF ACTORS. SOME ODDITIES OF SUCCESS.

In these days when the personality of actors and

actresses has come to be considered of almost greater pulled her spectacles from her foreness used in understand how great successes may be eves, looked at the contents of the cups and said it understand how great successes may be seemed to have felled. I replied that we feared it those who least expect them. Formerly when stock companies were maintained in every city of any important companies were maintained in every city of any important companies were maintained in every city of any important companies were maintained in every city of any important companies. importance than their ability, it is not difficult and guessed we put in too much moss, but it was a tance, the members of the company were selected for good deal better to have too much than too little. business. An actor of the better class might be relied in better spirits than we had done since we had been upon to be generally acceptable in any part for which he might be cast. Now that plays are sent all over the country with the original companies, managers select their people not because of their average ability or Southwest. The smug and self-satisfied young few kind pais, which he took as no more than his long experience, but because some peculiarities of New-York business man, who is detained by the due. She told us that this dog had come to her appearance and manner eminently fit them for special parts. Under these circumstances it is easy to see how acting has come in the majority of cases to be rather an exhibition of personality than of art. With actors so selected, it is only natural that here and there instances should occur where the representation should appear to be perfect. It has been truly said that every man under the severe cross-examination of the gallant boards creaked, flabby partitions wavered, and then can play one part well, that part being necessarily major is marked by a rather dubious anxiety for July Burns appeared in the open doorway. She one that suits his nature, his appearance and his ys, "to the full extent of his capacity"—which criminated Eve and Barbara strongly, and they lade is creatively for the full extent of his capacity"—which criminated Eve and Barbara strongly, and they lade is creatively for the full extent of his capacity extent of his capacity and they lade is creatively for the full extent of his capacity with the same and action. He has Mrs. Grant moved her hand slightly toward July experience can be easy and natural under such con and said, just as if she were not present, "That's a ditions. The accidental meeting with such fortunately way she has. I s'pose she's a restin'. I often wish itting parts has made the success of half the stars I could rest 's easy 's that. Taint no use tryin' to who are now prominently before the public. They rouse her. She'll rouse herself when she gets ready." are cast for parts that suit them, and having made This prophecy was evidently fulfilled about ten hits, which are often as surprising to them as to their minutes later when July lifted her broad face and, friends, they buy the plays in which they have been successful, or, if that is not possible, have other pieces written, in which similar characters are made the make bumonge; there want no diffikilty 'bout that. pivot of the action. Very frequently these attempts at reproduction fail entirely. An actor who has a good comedy part in a serious play may make a hit not on to say that her young man, that is what she called her patient, and I thought he would have liked to hear her, had dropped into a doze and she thought she'd jest come out 'n' change the scene a little. She thought nusses was expected too much to stick to the sick room and git sick theirselves.

While she was speaking she had put her hands to the sides of her chair, as she had done at our shanty. and had thus risen to her feet. She walked over and looked at the blane mange, putting the square end of her fat forefinger on to it.

"Simps to me," she said, "it's jest like injy rubber. I d' know whether my young man can eat it or not.

One drawback to reliance upon a chance success or one due to personality is that it is scarcely ever repeated. The late John T. Raymond had been trying to be a star for many years before he happened to strike Colonel Sellers. Out of this one part he made a fortune, which it is to be regretted he did not know how to keep, but when "The Gilled Age" was worn out, he was never able again to make any large profits He tried plays innumerable, but though some afforded him a fair return for his labor, he was never again able to achieve a remarkable hit. Miss Kate Claxton had the good luck to be the first Louise in the "Two Orphans," at the Union Square Theatre. The part Before she had finished these remarks we heard a is so sympathetic, being such a centre of interest, that in the language of actors, "it plays itself." play for starring purposes, and although she had to pay a heavy royalty, she laid by many thousand dollars. In her case, too, the accidental success has never been repeated on anything like a similar scale Season after season she has tried new plays, and about sendin' to Boston for one or them trained nusses, 'n' she told him if he wanted to fling away his money he might, but that she herself wouldn't give in to no trained nuss that ever stepped. "He ain't said nothin' more 'bout it sense," she said in conclusion. Then the floor creaked again and the partitions wibrated, as she went back to her patient.

Even the good-humored Mrs. Grant seemed roused by the mention of trained nurses, a subject upon which her ideas were vague, but emphatic. She said with great force that human nature—I think she meant humanity or charity—had bid her take in that poor critter when he got throwed and smashed up so, 'n' her house was turned topsy-turvy for him. Human nature had gone so fur, but it couldn't be expected to go to the length of havin' a trained nuss under her roof. though she this spring found one that appears to

Prior to the production of "Pinafore" at the Stan dard Theatre, there probably was not a more unfortu-nate actor in this country than Tom Whissen. Nearly everything he had been associated with failed. he was a clever actor, a good singer and violinist, and a fair writer. He was cast for Sir Joseph Porter, and his instant success is a matter of history. peculiar neat, precise and rather pompous methods were exactly the things needed in the part. On the strength of the success he was made first comedian at the Madison Square Theatre, and for several years drew a salary of \$150 a week, and his wife was also that Oliver Doud Byron became a star he applied for position in a Baltimore stock company at a salary of \$40 a week, and was not accepted. Not very long